

I'm starting to think that it's a lot worse in the mornin'
When you pull up, but you got work in the mornin'
This left side starting to feel cold, can you warm me?
Should make it back to me so we can fuck while it's storming
Stop pretending like you got church in the mornin'
Good Lord

And you can't help but lie because you know what you need
I see it in your face, even your eyes don't gleam
Your smile got a whole lot of dark in between
My life got a whole lot of dark in between

The way I'm movin' now, it made you lost when you seen it
And I'm sorry, I ain't mean to put your heart in between that
Yeah, good Lord
She said don't call, your words consume me
My phone still rings when you make it through to me
And it play so low, this ringtone ruin me
All the words you could have said, why you say them words to me?

Late night city with Stella Rose
That's gon' bring me back, I know
Swervin' around the city through the back street roads
You make it hard to miss back home
You make it hard to miss back home
You make it hard to miss back home
Especially when, especially when, especially when

There's a ghost inside my room
I don't need no one else
I hope this reads you well
Half the shit I did on the road
Make me contemplate if I'm a new lost soul
I know I fucked up, but you let everybody know
Not my vertebrae, she supposed to be the backbone

Now the bass too loud, and I'm rollin' up strong
Burning through the dreams, where my ashtray go?
Like fuck it, I'ma face it fasho
Pick your outfit, I heard you runnin' late to the show
Like...

And it's been so long, this ringtone ruin me
All the words you could have said, why you say them words to me?
And it's been so long, this ringtone ruin me
All the words you could have said, why you say them words to me?...